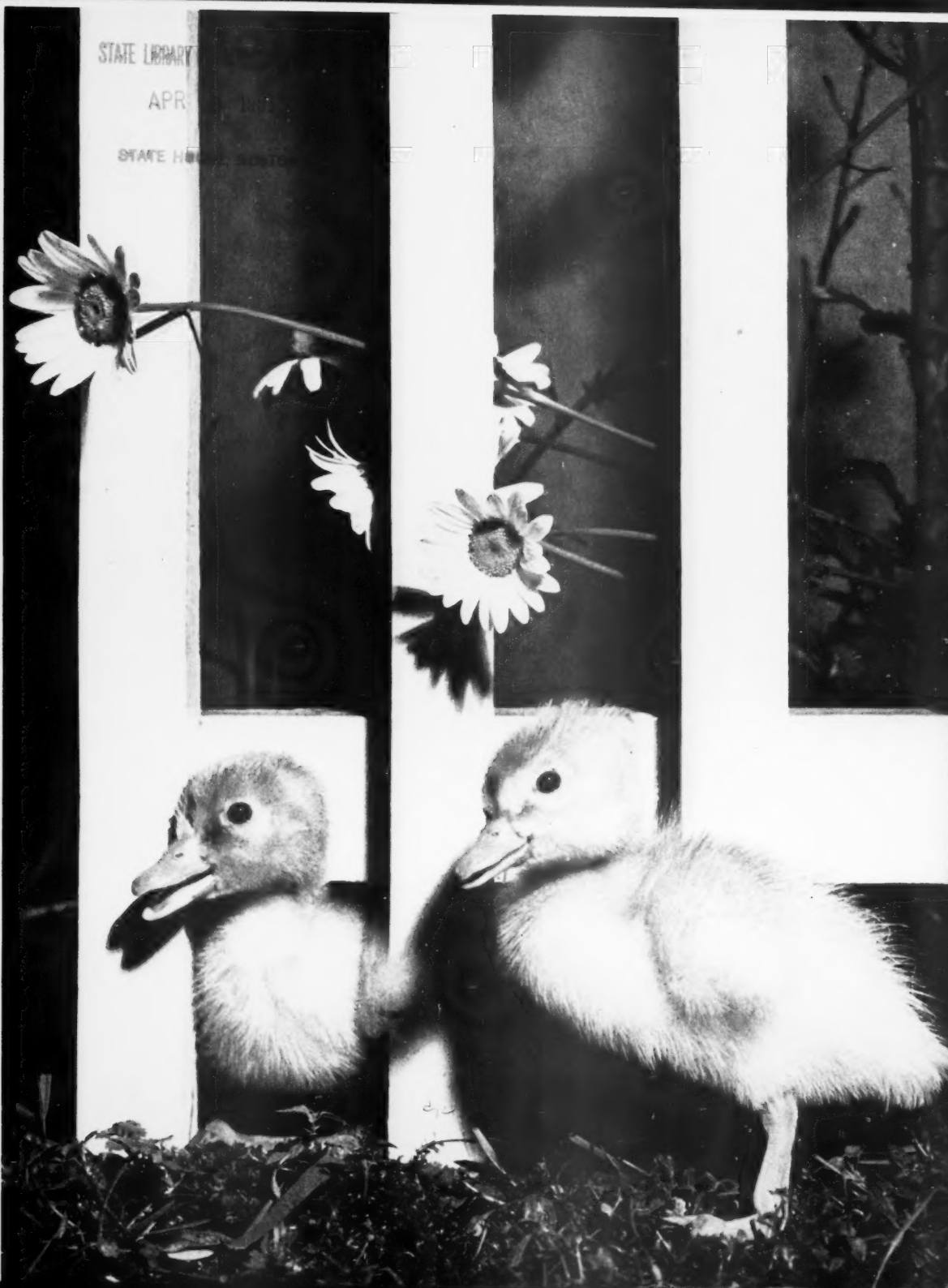


OUR DUMB Animals





VOLUME 84 — NO. 4

Animals

APRIL, 1951

Founded by Geo. T. Angell, 1868

PUBLISHED BY THE

MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS
AND
AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY

Editor — WILLIAM A. SWALLOW

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Per year—\$1.50. Postage free to any part of the world. In clubs of five or more subscriptions, \$1.00 each. Single copies, \$.15.

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MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

PHOTOGRAPHS should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

VERSE about animals should be short. We suggest from four to sixteen lines.

IMPORTANT

All manuscripts should be neatly typewritten, double spaced and each article on a separate sheet.

No manuscript will be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Payment on acceptance at the rate of one-half cent a word for articles; one dollar and up for photographs and drawings; one dollar and up for acceptable verse.

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Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals at 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Massachusetts. Re-entered as second class matter, July 3, 1950, at the Post Office at Boston, Massachusetts, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103 Act of October 3, 1917, authorized July 13, 1919.

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The Animal World

A GOOD FRIEND of ours, whose husband for many years served on our Society's Board of Directors, recently sent us a copy of a most delightful book, "The Animal World of Albert Schweitzer." In the introduction to the book, the editor and translator, Mr. Charles R. Joy, states that if Dr. Schweitzer were to follow the inclinations of his own heart, his autobiography would appear in two parallel columns. On the first he would tell of books and people, of music and ideas; in the second, he would tell of animal friends he has known and loved.

In his philosophy of life, Schweitzer, of course, found a place for animals and it is best expressed in a chapter in the book entitled, "An Absolute Ethic." Reverence for life—for all living things—is the key to happiness and understanding which Dr. Schweitzer gives us. Here are Schweitzer's own words:

"By the very fact that animals through painful experiments have contributed so much of value to suffering mankind, a new and special bond of solidarity has been established between them and us. From this arises the obligation for each of us to do every possible good to all animals everywhere. Whenever I help an insect in its need I am only trying to discharge something of the ever-growing debt of mankind to the animal world. Whenever an animal is somehow forced into the service of men, every one of us must be concerned for any suffering it bears on that account. No one of us may permit any preventable pain to be inflicted, even though the responsibility for that pain is not ours. No one may appease his conscience by thinking that he would be interfering in something that does not concern him. No one may shut his eyes, and think that the pain, which is therefore not visible to him, is non-existent. Let no one make the burden of his responsibility light. When so much mistreatment of animals continues, when the cries of thirsty beasts from our railway cars die out unheard, when so much brutality prevails in our slaughter houses, when animals meet a painful death in our kitchens from unskilled hands, when animals suffer incredibly from merciless men and are turned over to the cruel play of children, we all bear the guilt for it."

Mr. Joy tells us that in the summer of 1949, when Schweitzer was traveling across the American prairies, he was told the story of the airlift that had carried food to the snowbound animals the preceding winter. "Ah," said he, "what a magnificent feat! Vive l'Amerique!"

Dr. Schweitzer later on, told Mr. Joy that he believed there was more reverence for life in America than anywhere else in the world.

Humanitarians will enjoy reading this book, published by the Beacon Press, in Boston. It is a revealing insight into the Reverence for Life.

E. H. H.

Easter Legends About Birds

By Laura Alice Boyd

WHEN Christ was on the road to Calvary a robin flew close and plucked a thorn from the crown on his head. As the blood spurted from the wound, the breast of the robin was stained with crimson. Another story says that the common or corn bunting hovered so close to the cross that it became flecked with blood and ever since then its eggs have been spotted with red.

The Russians have a story that the sparrow was filled with malice toward the Christ and, as He hung on the cross, it kept chirping "Jif! Jif!" which means "He is living!" By this means the bird sought to inspire the soldiers to even greater cruelty. As a punishment for this act the sparrow is under a curse and cannot walk, but must always hop because its feet are fastened together by an invisible bond. (Take a good look at the next English sparrow you see).

The Spaniards say that a flock of two thousand swallows swooped down and drew all the thorns from the crown on Christ's head and thus relieved his pain. In Sweden the story is told that the swallow hovered over the cross and cried "Svala! Svala!" (Cheer up! Cheer up!) and so this bird is called svalow or swallow. Many species of swallows are still found in the Holy Land.

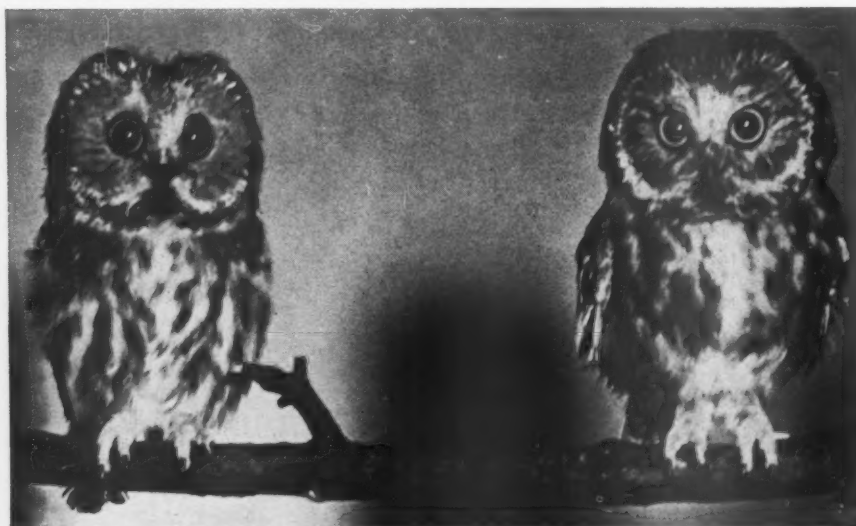
The owl is supposed at one time to

have been a sweet singer, but after it watched the agony on the cross it has forever shunned the sun and its only song is a hoarse "Cruz! Cruz!"

In Scandinavia the stork is a bird that is highly revered. Its name comes from the fact that it flew close to the dying Saviour crying, "Stryka! Stryka!" which means "Strengthen! Strengthen!" Another Scandinavian legend tells that their crossbill had its beak twisted into such a fantastic shape because it attempted to draw out the nails which held Christ to the cross. The people of the British Isles, however, say that the red-browed goldfinch of their island tried to perform this kindly service.

The mythical bird, known as the Phoenix, serves as an illustration of the meaning of Easter. The Phoenix was supposed to live for six hundred years when it became so old and weary that it became tired of living and so would build a nest of spices and branches from the sweet gum tree on the top of a lofty crag and then with its mighty wings it would fan the nest into flames. Both bird and nest would perish in the fire, but from the ashes, the Phoenix would arise young and strong and more beautiful than before.

A similar story is told of the eagle, who weary of life, flies straight to the sun to fall into the eternal fire only to waken to a new life and vigor through the purifying fire.



The sweet song of these birds, according to legend, changed to a hoarse croak.

House Bill 1101

THAT piece of legislation known as H 1101 has been defeated in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts as were its numerous forerunners over the course of the past few years.

Introduced in the Massachusetts Legislature, the bill sought to enforce by law the turning over of dogs from public pounds to medical schools and laboratories for animal experimentation.

The margins by which the legislation was defeated are as follows:

Committee on Legal Affairs	12 to 3
House	78 to 31
Senate	12 to 4

We would like to take this opportunity to thank all our members and friends who wrote to the Committee or to their Legislators expressing themselves on this measure.

Here and There

TEACHER was giving a lecture on Charity. "Willie," he said, "if I saw a boy beating a donkey, and stopped him from doing so, what virtue would I be showing?"

Willie (promptly): "Brotherly love."

ANIMALS reflect their surroundings: Their faces grow refined or stupid according to the people with whom they live. A domestic animal will become good or bad, frank or sly, sensitive or stupid, not only according to what its master teaches it, but according to what its master is.

—Romain Rolland

"I have found that those who love
A dog, a cat, a bird, and flowers
Are usually thoughtful of
The larger need that may be ours;
Who for God's creatures small will plan,
Will seldom wrong his fellowman."

—Edgar A. Guest

THE beginning of all Christian wisdom on international affairs is the everlasting reiteration of the supremacy of the moral law over all cynical material or selfish considerations.

—Lord Pakenham



(Left to right) Captain Stramler, Sergeant Skoff, Master Sergeant Potter, Colonel Appleyard, Technical Sergeant Cox (standing in the rear) and, of course, "Siwash II."

In the Korean conflict, just as in World War II, pet mascots are playing an important part in keeping up the morale of our armed forces. Men from every branch of the services lavish their affection on all sorts of strange animal friends.
—Editor.

AMPHIBIOUS creatures seem to take to the Marines naturally. There was "Siwash," a duck, who was mascot of a Marine Regiment in the Pacific during World War II, and more recently "Siwash II," a brown mallard hen, who became the mascot of the Eleventh Marine Regiment in Korea.

Men of the artillery unit who had also served with the old Tenth Marines at Tarawa and other Pacific campaigns in the last war promptly christened their new mascot in memory of the original "Siwash."

His Korean successor joined the Eleventh Marines recently when Sergeant Richard T. Skoff, of Omaha, Nebraska, was walking along the road at a base somewhere in Korea. By coincidence he was carrying a rifle when "Siwash" and several other brown mallards flew over. The sharp-eyed mallard hen must have seen the weapon and conjectured that Skoff must be a Marine. "What outfit you from?" she yelled. (This is the way Skoff's fellow Marines tell the story).

"Eleventh Marines!" Skoff, who was in a sociable, friendly mood, replied.

"Well, where's the Tenth?" the bird

quacked. (Skoff says that anyone who has listened to Donald Duck can distinguish words in the mallard duck language, but this writer, a city man, doesn't know for sure and has no bird books to check the point).

"The Tenth isn't here, but some of the guys who used to be in the Tenth are in the Eleventh now," Skoff explained.

The bird landed at Skoff's feet. When he picked her up, Skoff saw to his amazement that someone had shot the bird through the right wing.

Skoff outraged at this unfeeling treatment of a feathered friend, promptly slung his rifle over his shoulder, cuddled the bird gently in the hollow of a bent elbow and walked as rapidly as he was able back to camp. There he searched out a Navy physician, Lieutenant Frank D. Fuller, of Reno, Nevada, who administered medical aid.

Skoff's tent mates promptly christened the bird "Siwash II" and assured her that she had found a home in the service—a helmet to sleep in, a handful of rice and other dainties by way of rations, and a respected place in their after-hours conversation.

Master Sergeant William T. Potter of Clearwater, Florida, a veteran of Tarawa with the First Battalion, Tenth Marines, believes there is a remarkable resemblance between "Siwash II" and her snow-white predecessor, despite the newcomer's brown feathers and the fact that she is Korean and not a New Zealander by birth.

"Siwash" Joins The Marines

By T/S George S. Chappars



"Siwash" bunks in one of the men's helmets.

A fellow veteran of Tarawa, Technical Sergeant John D. Cox of Phoenix, Arizona, surmises that the duck's recent ancestors may have passed on the Tarawa legend and she is just trying to exploit the kindness for which Marines are famous.

Two officers who are Tarawa veterans, Lieutenant Colonel James O. Appleyard of Glenview, Illinois, operations officer of the Eleventh Marines, and Captain James H. Stramler of Fresno, California, of the Eleventh staff, withheld judgment on the question, but welcomed the fine-feathered visitor.

It may be remembered that the original duck of Tarawa fame flew over a seawall and made the first successful attack against the enemy. The Marines, after being pinned down behind the wall by intensive enemy fire for awhile, scaled it in time to see "Siwash" drive off a Japanese rooster after a short, sharp engagement.

So, "Siwash II" has been taken to the hearts of the Eleventh Marines, sharing their food, sitting in on the "bull sessions," and generally making herself agreeable to her new buddies.

Give Them a Chance

By George K. Leonard

ONE of the leading accomplishments of our time must be credited to our canine and feline friends succeeding in the extremely hazardous risk of crossing busy city streets and highway roads.

The careless, often wanton destruction of cats and dogs and other animals under the wheels of automobiles driven by individuals who seemingly cannot afford to waste a single second reaches staggering proportions every year.

Every time you take a trip along a well traveled highway you count a fearsome toll of animal dead sprawling grotesque and bloody on the concrete or off to the side. Very, very few of those deaths could not be avoided.

We know this for a fact because we have taken, in our capacity as a sports writer, many a long trip in various sections of the country and while encountering many animals crossing or about to cross our path, we have yet to hit one of those trusting beings. We say this, not in any crude bragging way, but only to point out that careful, considerate driving will give these animals a chance.

You cannot blame yourself for running over an animal which darts suddenly from the bushes or from behind a parked car in front of your machine. Most such accidents are unavoidable, although it is never a good idea to speed down a street lined with automobiles.

If, with another car coming toward you, it becomes risky to swerve to avoid hitting an animal while you are moving at a rather high speed, then, of course, you have no choice but to prevent a crash. But this rarely happens.

Trusting animals are easy victims of motorists who think and drive in a straight line and regard every living thing in their path, short of humanity itself, as fair game.

Recently as we cruised through a railroad underpass our headlights spotted a cluster of four or five dogs. We stopped. The dogs were grouped about a large dead airedale, run over and killed a few moments before our arrival. Two of the dogs were howling mournfully. Another was tugging at the big dog and a couple of others were standing around, helplessly. We drove to the next block, turned around and by the time we passed the scene again, the dog pulling at the dead one had succeeded in getting him off to the side of the road, well off the shoulder, too, mind you.

The regrettable thing is that the driver of the car which destroyed this poor dog could not see that picture. Nine-tenths of these "hell-bent" motorists, who grip the wheel in a mild frenzy, never bother to stop because they're hit-and-run cowards.

Some months ago, a Washington newspaperman grabbed a loose statistic and predicted that 848,000 cats, 742,000 dogs, and 204,000 skunks will die under the wheels of cars this year. In 1949 a total of 31,500 human beings were killed in traffic accidents.

It is obvious that no human being, animal or fowl is safe on the highways.

THOUGHTS see power. Many times a great thought, a great poem, or a great prayer helps to make some of life's great decisions. Take time to read thoughtfully each day. This will serve you as a great mental reserve.

—George W. Olinger

Dog's Devotion

Cecil McClarnon, a tank wagon gasoline salesman in Herington, Kansas, has a little brown rat terrier dog.

Mr. McClarnon became ill recently and was taken to a local hospital for major surgery. "Brownie" missed his master and from then on refused to eat or drink. A week passed and Brownie's strength was passing, too.

Then one evening the dog decided to take matters into his own hands, so to speak. After being left at home when Mrs. McClarnon left to walk to the hospital across town from the family home, Brownie escaped and trailed Mrs. McClarnon.

She entered the hospital through the front door as all visitors are supposed to do. A half hour later in her husband's room, near the extremity of one of the wings of the hospital, the nurse and the McClarnons heard scratching on the outside of a fire exit door.

After consulting the doctor, who agreed to let the dog into the ill man's room, the door was opened, and Brownie dragged himself into the room. The nurse lifted the dog onto the bed. He was too weak from his trek across town to get there by himself. The dog took one look at his master and lay down prostrate on the bed, his heart pounding until the doctor and nurse thought he was going to die.

After a few minutes, McClarnon said:

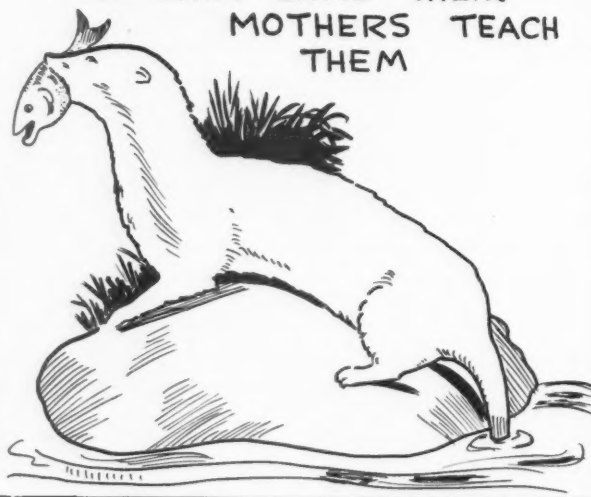
"What's the matter, Brownie, don't you know me?" The pet raised his head, placed his paws on his master's neck and the tears actually rolled down his cheeks, then, whimpering a little, he lay down in peace.

When Mrs. McClarnon took Brownie home, he drank a pint of milk and ate two dishes of dog biscuits. The dog was well and happy when his master returned home from the hospital.

—Kansas City Times

OTTERS

ARE SUCH EXPERT
SWIMMERS THAT THEY
CAN CATCH A SALMON,
YET DO NOT KNOW HOW
TO SWIM UNTIL THEIR
MOTHERS TEACH
THEM



OUR DUMB ANIMALS

WITH the aid of "Mr. Blue," Betty Cowles and I have set up a satisfactory communication system between our two farms. Betty doesn't have a telephone, so when I have news to share, I write a note, place it in a paper bag and direct Mr. Blue to take it to Betty. Since he is rewarded at both ends of the run, he's more than willing to co-operate.

Recently, the effort I'd spent teaching Mr. Blue his new duties paid off, for our messenger boy was the means of bringing help when I needed it most.

The trouble began with "Bessie," the cow. Nobody told us when we bought her that she was in the process of becoming a mother, so when she delivered a fine heifer calf, we were totally unprepared for it.

In a climate such as ours, calves are usually allowed to remain in the field at night, but that is not our way. Everything we own, with the exception of the yearlings, must have cover of some kind, and so Jack stretched a huge piece of canvass, which he weighted down with six-foot lengths of two-by-fours, over a shed which otherwise had no roof.

Despite the daily predictions of rain, January remained calm and sunny, with temperatures soaring to a hot 87 degrees toward the end of the month. And then, one evening, just at milking time, the weatherman's prophesies began to be fulfilled.

A light rain was falling when I drove Bessie and the calf to cover, but by the time I'd finished milking, wind and hail were ripping off the kitchen roof and uprooting trees across the highway. Tumble-weeds, as big as automobiles, leaped fences and careened across meadows like a motorized army.

How I was to get the pail of milk to the house without its acting as a parachute and carrying me in the wake of the tumbleweeds, I didn't know, but I had to try.

I heard a crash and saw the wind carrying what was left of the barn door across the area between the garage and the water tower.

While I watched, the wind whipped the canvass and the two-by-fours off the shed, tossed them high into the air and dropped them squarely on the top of my head. Lying flat on my face with mud oozing through my spread fingers, I could feel a lump painfully rising on the spot midway between my eyebrows and the nape of my neck.

The noise and the deluge that was pouring into the roofless shed, sent Bessie into a panic. Before I could throw off the canvass and rise, she was staging a one-cow stampede over my prostrate body in a way that threatened to reduce me to a vital statistic.

Bellowing like crazy, she and the calf dashed for the oat field across the way. For a brief instant I considered saddling a horse and riding after them, but catching a mount in that downpour required more effort than rounding up my stock on foot.

By the time I had cow and calf back in the shed, the hail had given way to a steady deluge. And it was getting dark. The calf was shivering from cold and the inside of the building had the makings of a miniature lake.

Pulling and tugging, I finally untangled the canvass, but hoisting it on the roof took more strength than I possessed. If only Jack would come home, but he'd 'phoned earlier, saying he would be detained. One thing was certain. The calf could not stand there in the rain and survive a case of pneumonia, but what to do?

And then I thought of Betty. She would help if I asked her. Slithering through the mud to the house, I wrote a note, wrapped it in waxed paper and handed it to Mr. Blue.

"Mr. Blue," Messenger

by Ina Louez Morris



"Shiela," our newest pet, comforts "Mr. Blue" while he rests between jobs.

The look he gave me when he stepped outdoors seemed to say, "Do you expect *me* to deliver a silly note on a night like this?"

"Go on!" I yelled over the wind. "Hurry!"

Evidently he sensed the urgency, for he ran off, his long ears flopping up and down like wings.

Presently, Betty was at my side adding her strength to mine. Getting the canvass back on the shed, fastening it down with bailing wire (no more two-by-fours for me), was a man-sized job, but we finally accomplished it.

"I'll finish," I told Betty. "You run along. I'll thank you tomorrow."

An hour later, having drained the water from the shed floor, rubbed down the calf and covered it with a blanket, I stumbled into the house.

"Er-woof?" Mr. Blue questioned as I dropped my wet clothing in the middle of the kitchen floor. "Er-woof, woof?" "Later," I told him through stiff lips.

"E-r-r," he growled with disappointment and just so I wouldn't forget to pay him for the trip to Betty's, he sat down, nose pointed at the refrigerator.



"Penny" Hallward and brother Peter with their pet.

TWELVE-YEAR-OLD Peter Hallward, of Galloupes Point, Swampscott, Massachusetts, has a hobby of collecting seashells. This hobby takes him along the Swampscott shoreline almost daily to find new specimens for his collection. One day, however, he found something far different from a shell—something that aroused his kind-hearted nature.

It happened some weeks ago. While he was passing down a lonely lane he discovered a dead squirrel lying in the road, probably killed by an automobile. Walking on a little farther, he noticed a little ball of grey fur curled up on the lawn of a summer home, closed for the winter. Peter investigated and found a tiny baby squirrel, no doubt the orphan

of that dead mother. He went to pick the little creature up and was nipped in the finger for his kindness. Then, wrapping a handkerchief around his hand, Peter picked up the squirrel who continued to struggle weakly.

The boy took him home and carefully fed him warm milk from a medicine dropper. The squirrel, after that, continued to increase in size and strength daily, until he was allowed to run around the yard. He did not like his freedom and instead of climbing nearby trees, he climbed up on Peter's shoulder and would stay around his young master

all the time. He stopped the nipping habit and is now a great favorite with the children of the neighborhood.

On occasion Peter's mother allows the squirrel to run around their spacious ranch home. He goes out alone, even, but always returns to his home within a few minutes. He sleeps curled up to Peter on his bed. When the family is eating, he will run to the table and wait to be fed from a spoon. Peter also has a dog named "Clancy" and the squirrel often hops on Clancy's back and will even curl up alongside Clancy when the dog is sleeping.



Left to right: Carol Bowes, Penelope Hallward, Peter Hallward, Charlotte Atwood and Newton Courtney watching the pet squirrel of Peter perform on "Clancy's" back. They are all the best of friends.



Newton Charles Courtney and Peter Hallward, the kind-hearted rescuer, watch with amusement while the squirrel investigates. Probably Newton has a nut or other tasty tidbit hidden in his hand.

A Boy Needs a Dog . . . By Tom Farley

ATEN-YEAR-OLD boy, "Tommy," wanted a dog very badly and his father told him that he would buy him a dog if he could list ten good reasons why he needed one.

Here are Tommy's reasons pretty much as he wrote them:

"I need a dog because:

"1. A dog is good for a boy. He will always be his friend and it's good to always have at least one friend.

"2. A dog will show a boy how easy it is to obey his mother and father because if a boy trains a dog to do what he says he will understand why he must do what his mother and father say.

"3. If a boy has a dog he has some-

thing his very own to take care of which is good for him because if he learns to take care of a dog when he is little then he will learn to take care of the family when he grows up.

"4. A dog is someone to talk to. Sometimes there are things that he can't talk to his mother or father or friends or anyone about. But he can always talk to his dog and the dog will listen to him.

"5. A dog will always love him. Even when he's bad and no one else will be nice to him, a dog will love a boy.

"6. A dog will show a boy that he should be kind to animals because if the boy can see how badly his own dog feels when he hurts his paw or some-

thing then he'll see that he shouldn't hurt other animals.

"7. When he's got a dog a boy always has someone to play with. And the best part is he pretty nearly always wants to play what the boy wants to play.

"8. A dog will watch a boy and help keep him out of trouble if he can.

"9. A dog will be something for a boy to be proud of if he keeps him nice and clean and trains him. It's good to have something to be proud of.

After listening to nine reasons, Tommy stopped.

"Well," said his dad, "that's nine. Now what's the tenth? Surely you can think of one more."

Tommy looked at his father for a minute and then said, "Gee, dad, I think it's just that a boy needs a dog because dogs and boys belong together."

Tommy got his dog.

Tale of Two Kitties

By Freeman Hubbard

FIRST she baked a chocolate layer cake and covered it with thick chocolate icing. Then, before going to bed, she laid out her new woolen plaid dress to wear in the morning. Marlene was ready for the biggest day of her life.

It all happened because she lived near the railroad tracks in the village of Oxford, Louisiana. Marlene is thirteen. Before crossing the tracks she has always been careful to see that no train is coming in either direction. But "Cinder" was not so careful. One Sunday last winter there was a terrible accident. Marlene wrote a letter about it to the Texas and Pacific Railroad. The letter said:

"Dear Sir: My cat was killed by one of your engines on February twentieth. He was a black cat named Cinder. I would appreciate anything you could do to get me another cat. I loved my cat very much and was very sorry when he was killed. Yours truly, Marlene Wendt"

The railroad company felt sorry, too, when they received her letter. They decided to give the girl a new cat to replace Cinder. So they bought one for fifteen dollars at Fort Worth, Texas. He was coal black all over, just like Cinder, except that he had a single white whisker. They built him a handsome box and painted on its lid the name "Cinder the Second."

Then came the big day. The principal of Marlene's school gave her special permission to stay out a half-day. Marlene was so excited she could hardly wait.

A crowd of happy townspeople met the train as it pulled into Oxford at two minutes to nine that morning. On board the train, besides the regular passengers, were railroad officials, newspaper reporters and camera men. They piled out of the cars. Engineer Hargrove opened the fancy box and handed the cat to Marlene.

"Thank you very much," she said, "and I want to give you this cake. I baked it especially for the railroad."

They cut the cake and passed it around. Then Marlene climbed into the engine cab with kitty in her arms to get her picture taken. The whole affair lasted eighteen minutes.

Someone said, "Tell Cinder the Second not to play on the tracks!"

"Oh, I will," said Marlene, "but his name is not Cinder. I am calling him 'Tee Pee' — for the T. and P. Railroad."

Holding Tee Pee in one arm, she waved blissfully as the train puffed away.

"Boots" Reads for His Master

By Gordon Duncan

STEP right up, folks. See the only dog in the world that can read." That's how Doctor C. W. Yorke, the Flint, Michigan, dentist, usually introduces his three-year-old Irish Water Spaniel to visiting acquaintances. Then he adds, "Not only does 'Boots' read, but he follows all my written instructions!"

Those visiting the doctor for the first time are skeptical, to put it mildly, until the demonstration is made. Everyone has a good time while the clownish-looking spaniel actually does appear to read and follow his master's written directions. Here's what takes place in the doctor's living room.

After seating himself on the davenport, Doctor Yorke picks up a plain sheet of 8 x 10 paper, and then scribbles on it, "Boots, would you mind getting my house slippers upstairs?" He then holds the message in front of the large curly-headed animal. Not a word is spoken. The dog promptly bounds upstairs, and returns in a moment with a slipper held gingerly in his mouth.

The routine is always similar. First the doctor assumes a look of impatience, shaking his head sadly from side to side. Then he picks up the paper again and writes another message below the first one.

"Why, Boots old man, certainly you realize that I have *two* slippers." This order is also held in front of the dog, who pants happily — almost appearing to laugh at the whole thing — and then scrambles joyfully upstairs to complete the assignment, bringing down the other slipper and waiting patiently for a loving pat of appreciation for a task well done.

It's a clever trick, and like a conscientious magician Doctor Yorke refuses to explain to visitors how a trained reflex is developed between the piece of paper and the performance. Rated as a highly intelligent breed, the Irish Water Spaniel proves mighty useful as a duck retriever too, but Doctor Yorke's dental practice keeps him too busy for that recreation nowadays. Since Doctor Yorke, with a partner, won the Master Pair World Championship in the Summer National Tournament of the American Contract Bridge League this year, his current plans for "Boots" include a card trick or two, and he promises to keep *Our Dumb Animals* readers informed of worthwhile developments.

Meanwhile, I asked Doctor Yorke if "Boots" could fix teeth yet, but the dentist protested, "Why, Boots is only three years old!"



"Boots" brings down his master's slippers, one by one, "upon written instructions." Doctor Yorke's other hobby is contract bridge, at which he and partner won the Master Pair World Championship this past summer.

ONE late autumn day a friend of mine was driving slowly through a little dirt back-road, possessing his soul in peace and having a look at the golden autumnal glory of things. There were numbers of fat and frisky squirrels to be watched and enjoyed, wood-smoke and apples to be smelled, and the tonic *beadle-beadle!* of blue-jays to be heard ringing through the November oak woods. A sweet day, this; and my old friend, having that disposition to appreciate the earth and be glad for it, which is in theory the disposition of us all, was of a mind to take the never-returning splendor of it to his heart. What he took, instead, was a rifle bullet. It came from nowhere in particular — *crack! crump!* — through the car window. It ended his day, and days.

He had neglected, being a mediative fellow notoriously cut off from wholesome and red-blooded concerns, to notice that the hunting season was under way. He had not realized that that time was here when in rural regions safety is to be secured only by huddling in the cellar, and when a reasonably decent-minded philosopher, having sought that sanctuary, may test his self-control by pondering upon what is going on outdoors and then seeing whether he can retain his supper.

A less abstracted man, to be sure, could scarcely have failed to notice the evidences of the fall festival outdoors. The indications, after all, are abundant. There is the sudden increase, for instance, in stray cattle. Their puzzled wanderings around the highways let us know of the cutting of stock-fences, by tool-bearing huntsmen who have realized it is much easier to sever a fence than to break it down by climbing over it or to bash it in, say, by carrying a battering ram. Or again, there are the characteristic vestigial posters to be seen on trees. It is not ordinarily possible to read their lettering, for this has usually been obscured or obliterated by a blast of shot; but even the moderately alert and knowledgeable of us are aware of what such a poster *has* said. It has said **POSTED**; and it has been tacked to its tree, with painstaking labor, by some simple-hearted citizen in anticipation of the hunting season. The obliteration of the lettering by shellfire lets us know that that season, in all its target-loving and pranksome exuberance, has in fact begun. Or, again and yet again, what averagely alert observer can miss the emptied whisky bottles, strewn color-

fully along the forest paths where ordinarily are found only the cleft imprints of the hoofs of deer? Or, who, not already deaf, can fail to hear the bangs of firing, the whistlings of trajectory, that in this season become the musics of Arcady? What one of us, scanning the newspaper, can miss the spate of annual headlines: **HUNTER ACCIDENTALLY KILLS PAL; THOUGHT HE WAS PORCUPINE?**

That friend of mine who is gone, I am afraid, failed in alertness. In any case, perhaps, he was not a man fulfilling the stern norm we call "adjustment to cultural environment." He had a great love for animals, and found a refreshment in watching them alive, in the exercise of their powers; and he had never got it through his head, somehow, that it is a manlier thing and more character-building to enjoy their deaths. His old car, even before the bullet smashed through it, was a seedy sort of affair. At the end of its hood there was only a radiator cap. Never, in a moment of red-blooded enjoyment of the outdoors, had he thought to hack off the ringed tail of a killed raccoon or even the plummy little tail of a slaughtered squirrel and tie it there in token of his strength. He was a kind of namby-pamby man, I guess. Perhaps it is as well that he has left.

II

It can be said, of course, that not all hunters, not, in fact, more than a tiny, if conspicuous minority, engage in cutting fences, littering the clean green woods with whisky bottles, peppering away at Posted signs, or firing their deadly weapons across roads. It can be said that no profession or pastime ought to be judged by what oafs may infest it. Do we condemn medicine because, alas, there are some MD's glad and eager to perform an \$8 abortion in an alley? When we speak of that noble calling, the law, what we have in mind is Oliver Wendell Holmes, not the shyster patting after the ambulance. It can be said that most hunters observe regulations. It can be argued that, but for hunting, some kinds of animals might become over-numerous. It can be said that a hunter is helping rid the land of many creatures which are only vermin — such ones as foxes, crows, woodchucks, and the like — and that sportsmen, by the fees they pay for licenses and the contributions they make to sportsmen's organizations, help in a wild-



"Living deer enjoying the sometime san"

"YOICK"

by Alan S

Reprinted through the courtesy of the autho

life restoration that matches or over-matches their wildlife reduction. Hunting, it can be said, is after all a thing long respected and of ancient lineage, going right back to the dawn-days of humanity and an instinct so primary as to stand as sacred. It can be held that a hunter takes his joy, not, as sentimentalists might suppose, from spilling blood, ending life, and asserting power by that means, but rather from experiences to which any killing is merely incidental: the sight and scent and relished excellence of the outdoors, the chance to watch beasts and birds at close range, the wholesome charm of exercise and recreation and camaraderie. It can be pointed out that an esteem for hunting is as general as an esteem for baseball, for the flag, for the cross, and for mother.

All these things can be said. *Can* be said? They have been said hundreds, thousands, probably millions of times. The pages of hunting magazines burst with them, in an over-and-over repetition so continuous and strenuous that it



sometime sanctuary of the green places."

ICKS!"

Alan Devoe

of the author and The New American Mercury

needs less than Shakespearian insight to be struck by the muchness of the protesting. While they can be said, they can also be questioned, by an occasional abnormal logician. Is hunting for sport a pastime from primitive times? Or is it rather the fact, as some scholarly anthropologist may suggest, that primitive men went hunting for the stern and sole purpose of getting something to put in their bellies, and that when they did bring down a bear or bison they were apt to be so overcome by the enormity of their assault upon the animal brotherhood that they hastened to perform rites of sad apology to the victim and yet more poignant rites of propitiation to Great Power Who Is Live-giver of All?

Are foxes vermin? There are several ecological scientists who have examined briefly into the matter—say for twenty or thirty years—and think not. Is it the love of the glory of outdoors, and not of the killing, that sends the huntsman forth? If it is, why in the holy name

of sanity does he burden himself with that long, heavy, unnecessary object that has a butt at one end and is likely, if he isn't careful, to go *bang*? It's just the fun of exercising the *skill* of shooting, is it? Dr. Roy Abbott, a biologist, has remarked that no living bird or beast calls forth this skill more prettily than does a beer can tossed in the air.

III

At this level, in these terms, a dust-up over hunting can, of course, go on forever. It is the function of the raised dust to obscure the matter centrally at issue. That issue is this:

Is the sport of hunting, simply as such, a man-worthy thing or isn't it? Let it be supposed that all hunters obey all regulations. Let it be supposed that no whisky bottle is dropped to pollute any glen or dingle, no fence is broken, no fawn is shot, no forest is set afire, no robins are massacred in mistake for pheasants and no deer-hunters in mistake for porcupines (or possibly chipmunks); and no meditative philosopher, out to enjoy the loveliness of autumn, is ever plugged through the pericardium. The question persists: Is it a spectacle of manhood (which is to say of our distinctive humanness), when on a bracing morning we look out upon the autumn, draw an exhilarating breath, and cry, "What a glorious day! How golden the light of the sun, how merry the caperings of creatures! *Gloria in excelsis Deo!* I will go out and kill something?" We're a long, long way from Eden, our species. The ideal man that we once were, in the Christian view, or the ideal man, in any view, that it is supposed to be our dedicated dream to become . . . that ideal is very far, very difficult, and needs our utmost trying. Do we draw the closer to it when for ten or twelve months of the year we pay no attention at all to the garden of the creation into which we have been invited, and when for the remaining month or two we are concerned to draw what blood we can, to put a stop to what fellow-lives we can, and to make a smear of blood and guts where there had been living squirrels, living grouse, living deer enjoying the sometime sanctuary of the green places? *Manly?* It doesn't take a man to kill something. Any animal can do that. What it takes a *man* to do—and he is the only creature on all the earth that can do it—is to feel pity and show mercy, to feel gratitude for aliveness and give

the thanks of restraint, to be so very strong, in his manhood, that he can be gentle.

Well?

If we put aside all our fear of being thought sissies, if we disregard the virile chest-thwackings of those weak and unfulfilled ones who must go killing because only in a bloody gunmanship can they assert and reassure themselves . . . if we just drop all the long, long pretense, and look with a grave candor into the heart of us . . . do we hesitate over an answer? We don't, I think.

In the history of our kind, we have abandoned a series of ugly pretendings. We used to pretend we thought it was perfectly all right to chop off a child's hand for petty theft. We went about slapping each other heartily on the back and assuring each other that of course it was. We used to join together in a genial general howl at the amphitheatre, sharing the wholesome entertainment of watching lions disembowel an old lady. *Corking* sport! Who but a dangerous radical or a sickly mother's-boy could deny it? We used to pretend it was fun watching the hangings, and we smothered successfully for ages any small inner voice whispering to us that perhaps really, deep down inside, it did make us feel sort of sick and funny and ashamed when the four flogged horses dashed off in four directions and ripped apart the living body of a man being drawn and quartered.

There remains the pretending about hunting to be abandoned. The time will come when it will be. ("What! Abandon the splendid manly practice of pitting bears against bulls in an arena as Sabbath diversion? Whv, such a time will *never* come, Sir!"). The end of hunting, of course, won't come soon. Neither did the end of bear-baiting, nor of boiling in oil, nor of slavery. Right up to our fathers' day we were shooting robins and bobolinks and hanging them up in strings in the market-place at ten cents a string. Still, the time will come. If it doesn't, it will be for only one reason. It has at last become possible for us—with an atom bomb in our one hand, a hydrogen bomb in our other—to delay a little *too* long our turning from barbarity and our facing of the quiet truths in our deep hearts. After all, with these new equipments, even just a minute or two too long can make quite a difference. We may all have disappeared.

I Gave My Heart for Keeps

By Jean Vercher

IT all started because of a transfer which required a move from coast to coast.

The ad I inserted, in the evening paper, simply read:

COCKER SPANIEL, purebred, black, well trained female, 7 months old. Wanted — a good home. Please call MA 1892.

Yes, the ad brought results not only in finding a good home for this petite lady, affectionately named "Demi" but it taught me that once you give your heart to a dog you can't be an Indian giver.

A trip across the country with its uncertain living conditions; its "no dogs" signs; the possibility of having to board Demi for weeks. . . . Well, it just wouldn't be fair to the pup. I tried hard to convince myself that this was right, but I still didn't succeed. Yet, I was determined to find her a good home.

The first couple to qualify, after a brief screening, arrived in anticipation of taking Demi home with them but she absolutely refused to become friendly. This was unusual for she was always affectionate and friendly with all who came to visit, and so I felt certain her actions, for some reason known only to her, were justified. The couple was disappointed but Demi remained with me.

After this experience Demi gave me the impression that she had settled the

matter of a new home and we were to continue — a twosome.

A few days later another couple stopped by to ask for Demi. They made a more favorable impression on this discriminating lady, or perhaps it was just that she had resigned herself to fate. She greeted them most cordially and when asked if she would like to go with them jumped gleefully about. Reluctantly I gathered her dish and play things; snapped the leash on her collar and together they all started for the waiting car.

There was no sleep for me that night for the house was empty and cold without that little bundle of energy who, since she was seven weeks old, had been such an important part of my life.

By the time the dawn came up I'd decided that no matter what, I'd locate the couple and Demi would make the trip with me; sharing the good with the bad.

Locating the couple was not easy. They had told me the name of the town; a place of about ten thousand; snuggled against the side of a mountain; and located about twenty-five miles from my home. The distance was not great but in order to get about in the town in which they lived it was essential that you have a car for there was no other mode of transportation. Fortunately a friend stopped by and together we



started out in her car to locate and return with Demi. A visit to the various real estate offices finally gave me the address of Demi's mistress for the couple were newcomers and had only been in town about a month.

Their answer to my knock, at the house by the side of the hill, brought a most startled expression but being understanding and dog lovers I was allowed to retrieve Demi. In exchange for this I insisted upon obtaining for them a cocker as nearly like Demi as could be found. This I was able to do and so my story ends with a good home for one Cocker and the purchase of a traveling case to carry another cross country.

I gave my heart to a dog — for keeps.

The Little Things in Life

By Julie Holmes

WARS, hurricanes and national elections make headlines over the years. Big events, mighty happenings — they scream at us in large black letters. But smaller things make headlines too, small happenings that are more within the scope of our thinking, scaled down to our everyday attention.

Like the little skunk who deserted his natural home and moved into an already occupied rabbit hutch. The buck rabbit didn't seem to mind. He simply moved over and shared his bed and dish with his new friend. The people of Free Soil, Michigan, smiled when they heard that bit of news. They passed it on and it made the headlines in many a paper.

In far off London, England, a bird,

thought to be an owl, appears to need glasses. In fact, he needs a change daily, judging by his attacks on gentlemen. He comes zooming out of the sky, grabs the spectacles and flies away. Two men have lost their glasses, and a third came out of the battle with neck scratches. The Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals figured that was enough boldness on the part of the wise old bird. They arranged an owl trap set with a mirror as bait.

People in Detroit were amused when they read of 18 pounds of dachshund fury. Tiny Oscar went into a tantrum when his master tried to remove the long string of pearls around his neck, and amused his family by strutting

around on his hind legs and displaying his charms with great enthusiasm. It was some time before he allowed the pearls to be removed. Now he is privileged to wear the pearls once each day as a special treat. Only recently is his resentment lessening when they are removed.

Smaller yet — a pair of wrens made the headlines in Chatham, New Jersey. They set up housekeeping in the pocket of trousers hanging on the wash line. The unhappy owner hoped they would move on, but after two weeks, he decided to give them the deed to the property. The nest contained four tiny eggs, and Jennie Wren and her husband were considered the sole owners.

Her "Listening Pleasure"

EVERY time I begin to play the violin, my cat promptly appears upon the scene and leaps to the ledge of the piano beside the music rack from which I read. At first she attempts to settle down and listen, but in a moment she is pacing back and forth in front of my music uttering little crooning noises. If I am not within her reach, she rubs her head and body affectionately against the music, but if I lean toward her, she transfers her display of emotion to the violin, pushing her face back and forth against the wood and often drooling. When I lower the violin to my side, she reaches her paws up to my shoulders and licks my face rapturously.

So long as I play below high "E" she remains reasonably composed, but any passage with higher notes sends her into some sort of blissful ecstasy. She will often lie on the piano bench and roll about on her back, particularly if I play any double stops, high or low. Though she may be sleeping in a distant part of the house when I begin to play, she comes at once.

—Eugenia Congo

"Jack"—An Unwanted Dog

STOP! Before you throw rocks at that stray dog, let me tell you about "Jack."

The big German shepherd was simply another of the many nameless, unwanted canines that often paid a beggar-man's visit to the farm of Harve Stanley, of near Princeton, Missouri. Only Jack was different. He was sincere in his adoption of the Stanley farm. Harve Stanley honestly liked the dog, but having one dog already he didn't think he wanted another. He planned to give Jack away as soon as possible.

Then, last winter, while Stanley was working alone in a feed lot occupied by 60 head of hogs, he slipped and fell through a wagon bed. One foot caught in the boards and held Stanley suspended, head down and unconscious.

When Stanley regained consciousness, he was encircled by a group of snarling hogs. Their baneful eyes were not on him, but on the growling German shepherd that stood beside him. Jack had kept the swine at bay by snapping at them. Harve Stanley hurriedly freed himself.

Jack? Oh Yes, he has a home. The former unwanted stray is the pride and joy of the Stanley family.

—Thomas Walker

"Jack" Likes to Travel

By Betty Lee Epstein

JACK," the yellow, tiger-striped, tom cat who owns the home of Chief Petty Officer and Mrs. Thomas W. Danaher, is one member of the Navy who has an unusual record for having seen the world. When his master's orders necessitated his moving from his home town of Norfolk, Virginia, to Oak Harbor, Washington, a distance of about 6,000 miles, Jack, like the true sailor that he is, made the trip without a miss in his purring motor.

Desiring their cat to travel in style and comfort, the Danahers purchased a special traveling box for him. He made the trip by air express from Norfolk to Lynnwood, California, in three days. He then boarded the Danaher car (without his traveling box) for an additional jaunt of 1,400 miles to Washington — and he loved every minute of it. He is now firmly established in navy housing in Oak Harbor, the big wheel in his sector.

Jack could easily be called a common alley-cat if Oak Harbor's Navy housing could boast of any alleys, but to his family, Jack is as important as if he owned a pedigree that would turn a pedigreed pussy green-eyed with envy.

Although Jack weighs fifteen pounds

and is the picture of health, he has had more than his share of medical care. The prerequisite for animals who desire to live in governmental housing units is shots for rabies and distemper, and Jack has had them all. He has had his share of penicillin, too, to help shake a stubborn cold, and check an infected toenail brought on by a none-too-friendly bout with a brother tom.

Jack has an unusually lovable personality and is domesticated to the point that he even enjoys knitting and crocheting. He carries on lengthy conversations with his family and is never at a loss for words. He oversees the cooking and enjoys the position as official taster.

The most unusual characteristic of Jack having accepted family life is his use of the bathroom. No sissy sand boxes for Gentleman Jack — he uses the plumbing. It was his own idea and he learned it by himself. The mastery of this one phase of human behavior has made it possible for Jack to accept and enjoy his life of travel.

Regardless of where Jack makes his home, however, he plans to pursue his one vice — mice.



Mrs. Thomas W. Danaher sits with Jack beside his traveling box.

Society and

Fined for Leaving Pets

ONE very cold day recently, an agent of our Society, investigating a complaint with the Chief of Police, found a dead dog in the roadway, and three other dogs, a puppy and a cat on the premises, with no one at home, and no feed or shelter provided for the animals. The owner had moved a week before.

Brought into court, the defendant was allowed to plead nolo, due to his war record. However, he was fined \$25 and given a severe reprimand by the Judge for cruel abandonment of his animals.

The puppy and kitten were placed in homes and the other three dogs were placed in the care of the police.



—Photo by The Christian Science Monitor

Pets need plenty of care, and the proper care, Albert A. Pollard (left), Director of Education of the American Humane Education Society, tells the group of boys and girls meeting at the Society's headquarters. The correct way to hold a dog is demonstrated, and directions given for the care and feeding of puppies, kittens, and other pets which the children may acquire. Many of them, of course, already have pets at home and listen with interest.

Guilty of Cruelty

ONE of our officers found five horses out in a field in zero weather with no shelter. On telephoning the owner to ask him what provision he was making for sheltering the horses, he answered, "Pine trees." He was told to get his horses in at once. Later the officer called with a state police officer and found that the horses were still out in the cold. The owner was most uncooperative, so it was arranged to have him in court. He was found guilty and given six months' probation, with orders to see that his horses were sheltered immediately.

On calling later it was found that the horses had been placed in barns.

In another instance, it was found that two horses had been kept in an open shed for two weeks, with the temperature down to five below at times. Our agent asked the Chief of Police to have the animals put in a stable for the night, and they took the owner to court in the morning. He was given a six months' suspended sentence and ordered to dispose of his horses. On checking later, it was learned that the horses had been sold.

Non-Feeding of Stock

CALLING to investigate a complaint, one of our officers found 16 head of cattle, one bull, five calves, and one horse in a barn. The agent was obliged to force his way into the barn, as no one was at home. He found that the animals were without feed and bawling loudly, and conditions indicated that they had not been fed for some time.

The officer called the young owner and had him come home. He said he had no money to buy feed and his credit had run out. The officer told him the animals must be fed and he would have to sell some of his stock. Within two hours the man had sold a bull and bought two tons of hay and some grain. He agreed, with his lawyer's consent, to sell all the stock as soon as possible and not go into the cattle business again until he had some capital. He was warned that if feeding was neglected again the Society would take court action.

The officer made several visits later and found the animals being cared for.

Remember the Mass. S.P.C.A. in making your will.

OVER THE AIR

For those who like stories and facts about our animal friends, our Society sponsors two radio programs.

In Boston, "Animal Club of the Air" is presented by Albert A. Pollard each Saturday, at 9:00 A.M., over WMEX—1510 on your dial.

In Boston, "Animaland" is presented by Miss Margaret J. Kearns each Sunday, at 9:15 A.M., over WHDH—850 on your dial.

BE SURE TO LISTEN!



Photo by Harry Simard, Boston Record-American
Sad patient at Angell Memorial Hospital.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Service News

What Happened To "Rex"

FOR four years "Rex" endeared herself to hundreds of newspaper customers when she stood through rain and shine with the bright-faced newsboy, Dick Dingwell, to greet their friends at the subway entrance at Berkeley and Boylston Streets. She even learned the importance of red and green traffic lights, and helped to deliver papers—dog fashion, in her mouth—across the street.

Later, Dick enlisted in the Marines and was assigned to kitchen and mess-hall duties at Sheppard Air Base, Texas. Of course Rex went along, happy and content to be with her master.

From there they went to Nellis Air Base, Las Vegas, Nevada, Dick joining the air force. Now he has received his sergeant's stripes, and there is talk that his unit will be sent to Korea. So, Sergeant Dingwell and Rex made the rounds of the office buildings in the neighborhood of their old stand, to say goodbye.

Rex was brought to the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital for a check-up and medical care and when her master's leave was up she was placed in the care of friends, to wait for his return.



Sergeant Dingwell hugs his pal for goodbye, while "Rex" wags furiously and most enthusiastically washes his face.



—Photo by Gaines Dog Research Center

Dr. Gerry B. Schnelle (right), Chief of Staff of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, voted Dogdom's Veterinarian of the Year for 1950, in a nation-wide poll conducted by the Gaines Dog Research Center of New York, receives his "Fido," dogdom's equivalent of Hollywood's "Oscar," from Harry Miller, Director of the Center, at ceremonies held at the New York Athletic Club as part of the Westminster Kennel Club dog show activities, held in February.

Humane Act Award

FOR the past six years the American Veterinary Medical Association has made the Humane Act Award which consists of a one-hundred-dollar face value E Bond and a very lovely framed certificate to the boy or girl who, in the opinion of the judges, has done something outstanding which can be interpreted as kindness to animals.

Boys and girls throughout the United States and Canada are eligible for this award. There are no entry fees and no costs. It is only necessary to send the name of the nominee and a description of what he has done to merit the award, to the chairman of the Humane Act Award, American Veterinary Medical Association, 600 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois, before May 31.

The veterinary profession of this country, through this award, is preaching humaneness to animals.

DOCTOR C. Lawrence Blakely, Director of Surgery at the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, recently gave an address on Surgery and Surgical Techniques before a group of prominent veterinarians at a meeting held at the American S. P. C. A. in New York.

Boys With Guns

MUCH unnecessary suffering is caused by guns in the hands of young boys, because they have a tendency to shoot at any moving target, which may be someone's pet dog or cat.

A number of complaints have been investigated recently in regard to boys with B. B. guns shooting at and maiming animals and birds. The boys have been warned that they will be in trouble if the practice is continued, and, in one instance, the gun was confiscated. In another, the mother promised to see that the boy did not shoot at any living target.

Gentleman Skunk

A SKUNK which had been frequenting the vicinity of a store had somehow got under the grating. Our agent placed a trap to capture the animal and later was called to remove it, when it had been caught. He took the skunk and trap from the grating and transported it to the Squaw Peak Reservation, where it was released. Mr. Skunk, seemingly grateful, was on his best behavior.

CHILDREN'S PAGE



—Photo by Paul Hadley
Baby bunnies peeping out among the flowers to say "HAPPY EASTER," and greet the spring.

"My Buttons"

By Shirley Haynie

AS we awaited the plane (in Washington, D. C.), cautiously and anxiously, we paced back and forth. We were waiting for our new cocker spaniel which we had never seen before. She was six weeks old and had been flown all the way from South Carolina.

She was so small you could hold her in the palm of your hand, or she could slip under the space of a gate. Like most new dogs, she ran or rather wandered away. She was so cute and friendly that the lady who found her was going to keep her, until we offered a reward. When the lady returned "Buttons" she was so glad and excited to be back that she could not even eat a quite expensive piece of steak that we offered her.

This is only one of the many experiences she has had during the past two-and-one-half years which we have had her.

So here she is sitting on the floor chewing the fur on my new bedroom shoes very innocently, as if she knows nothing is going to happen to her. (She knows I will never hurt her.) She has reddish-brown hair and big brown eyes. When she looks at you, you just hope and pray that she will never leave you.

MY hobby is horses. Next door is a white horse, only they call it a blue roan. I have been teaching her to shake hands myself. She is quite nervous and jumpy, but I love her and I hope she feels that way about me. — Lee E. Comins.

From Hawaii

By Robin L. Rule (age 13)

"POOCHI" came to our home from the Humane Society. She is a "Poi Dog," for in Hawaii we call a mongrell a Poi Dog. She was about one year old when I first saw her. She is a white dog, with a brown face. She has a streak of white down the middle of her face and around her nose. Her tail is short.

A few days ago she came to school with me. She had so much fun I had to put her in the house so she wouldn't follow me to school again. Our whole family loves Poochi.

My Dream Horse

By Judith Faye Ritz (4th Grade)

If I only had a horse,
A black one I should like,
With a black tail
That swept in the night.
I would call him "Fury" —
It would fit him to a T
And I'm the only one who could ride him,
Just me, me, me.
All through the pasture
And all through the wood
He would carry me,
With my red coat and hood.



Lon McCallister, popular young film actor, was a recent visitor at our Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, when he brought his beautiful Irish Setter, "Sheila," for treatment of an ear ailment. Mr McCallister, who is a great lover of animals, has appeared in such motion pictures, as "Scudda Hoo, Scudda Hay," in which a pair of mules played an important part; and "Bob, Son of Battle," the story of two sheep-herding dogs. Nurse Vera Potter is in attendance.

CHILDREN'S PAGE



"Stumbletoes"

Diary

By Estelle Delano Clifton

I FOUND my tail today, but I couldn't catch it. I chased it around and around 'til I almost fell over. The folks laughed at me and said it was better to chase my tail than "Scuddlums."

Scuddlums doesn't mind being chased now, though. I tried it the other day when the folks weren't looking, and I think she kind of liked it. She ran up a tree, and then right down again fast. Then she said: "Catch me if you can!" Or anyway I thought she said it, so I chased her to another tree. If she hadn't liked it, she would have scratched me, wouldn't she?

Last night she went to sleep quite close to me. I kept still as long as I could, but that wasn't very long. When I moved she jumped and humped her back up again. But only a little this time, so I think she's beginning to like me.

"Laddie" came over to see me today. He's a lot bigger than I am and kind of yellowish like Scuddlums. We played for quite awhile and when he went home, I started off with him. My master must have been watching because he called me back. I pretended not to hear him at first, and kept right on going. Then he sounded so stern I thought I'd better hurry back, so I did, but I didn't want to.

My master scolded me and said I had plenty of fields to play around in at home, and I musn't go wandering off. Laddie told me there were lots of things to see over there, and that's why I wanted to go. He said he helped his master get the cows in nights and mornings. I'd like to do that, but my master doesn't have any cows; I wonder why.

Laddie told me he had pigs at his house, too. I wonder if they look like cows. Well, maybe I can sneak over there sometime when the folks aren't looking. I would like to see the pigs.

Have you an interesting story about your pet, one that you think other boys and girls would like to read? If so, we should be glad to have you send it in. If you have a good, clear picture of yourself and pet send that too. The story should be short, and, of course, your own composition. Give your age and have your mother or teacher certify that the story is original with you.

All letters should be addressed to Boys and Girls Editor, OUR DUMB ANIMALS, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass. We cannot return or acknowledge unused contributions, but we shall do our best to print the best stories, poems and pictures received.

April 1951

My Cat, "Corky"

By Jo-Ann Bissell (Grade 6)

I CAN'T imagine how I would feel waking up in the morning and not finding my affectionate cat there to greet me and lick my face. When we go downstairs, we find "Corky" crying at the Frigidaire for some milk. Even though my father owns a dairy, I think we're bound to run out of milk some time or other the way my brother and Corky drink it.

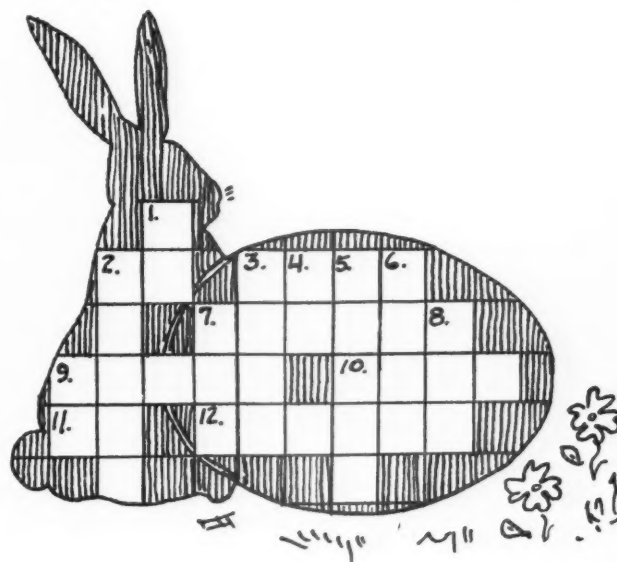
My cat got her name because she is cork-color in places. I think it is a strange name because she is mostly white. Corky loves to have children around—that is she did until the other day when someone tied her with a string. Now she will go only to my mother or me. Whenever anyone is reading or sewing or trying to do something — that's when Corky will take it into her head to be most affectionate. Can you imagine how anyone would feel to lose a cat like her?

Easter Crossword

By Violet M. Roberts

ACROSS: 2. To exist, 3. Being at the end of a line, 7. Spring holiday, 9. To rest on the water's surface, 10. Ireland, 11. Near by, 12. A person who rules for another. DOWN: 1. Third note of musical scale, 2. Girdle worn around the waist (pl.), 3. Not early, 4. In like manner, 5. Sharp incline, 6. Gull-like bird, 7. Organ of hearing, 8. To dye, 9. Fourth note of musical scale.

Answer to Puzzle Will Appear Next Month





—Photo by W. Henry Boller

A three-horse hitch preparing the land for spring planting.

"Dude" Listens for the Whistle

By Millard H. Rose

I MADE the acquaintance of "Dude" not long ago when I went to work for a rancher near Grandview, Washington.

Dude was a tall, long-legged sorrel ex-race horse. I was told that he was 26 years old.

I was given the job of cultivating a large potato field the next morning, and was told that I would find Dude easy to get along with if I let him rest often, and never spoke sharply to him.

I used no reins on him. Just led him out to the field, hitched him to the cultivator and started out.

He walked pretty fast, those long legs of his going just like pistons. When he reached the end of a row he stopped, turned in his tracks, stepped sideways into the next row, and was going again.

I had to get the cultivator around fast to be ready for him. When he was tired he would stop and stand until he was rested. I would speak to him, and on we'd go again.

We were going along fine about eleven o'clock, when the boss's son came along. He came over and walked alongside for awhile, then said, "About fifteen minutes

before noon, stop and unhitch and head for the barn. When Dude hears the mill whistle from town, he will start for the barn, no matter where he is, and you won't be able to stop him."

I did as I was told and found that I'd been told the truth, too.

The year before when Mr. "W" was away on a trip to Yakima, the boys left Dude hitched to the loading line on the hay derrick while they hauled the last of the hay from the field to the stack.

The sling broke while they were putting the last load up on the stack.

They got the broken sling out from under the hay and took it up to the shop to repair it, and forgot to check the time, or tie up the horse.

While they were working in the shop, the mill whistle blew, and Dude took off for the barn, taking the derrick with him as far as it would go.

The derrick tipped over, breaking one of the braces, and the boys had to work like the dickens to get the derrick repaired, pulled upright again, and the last of the hay stacked before their father returned from town that night.

The Pelican's Pouch

THE pelican's pouch, the large bag suspended from its lower jaw, serves as a fishing net. Since fish are the principal food of this aquatic bird it is very useful. When a pelican, flying low over water, sees fish it drops like a rock, opens its mouth and lets a whole school of fish float into the pouch. When the pouch is filled with water and fish the bird closes its mouth and allows the water to run out but the fish remain to be joined by others as the pelican continues its fishing. The pouch can be extended and great numbers of fish can be caught at one time.

Young pelicans are fed by regurgitation, and when the mother bird wishes to feed her young she opens her mouth, fills the pouch with partly digested food which the young birds gobble up eagerly.

—Laura Alice Boyd

"Sandy" Rings the Bell

By L. Archuleta

"SANDY," a German Shepherd, calls students to their meals at Guide Dogs for the Blind Training Center on Highway 101, near San Rafael, California.

Sandy found city life hard on his nerves when he served as a Guide Dog but he is very happy being the housekeeper's pet.

Florence Copnall, the housekeeper gives Sandy a sheep bell attached to a strap as mealtime approaches. He holds the strap in his mouth and runs up and down the wide hall calling the blind students to their meals.

At this training center the dog and student train together. If personalities clash another combination is tried until the right dog and the right person find each other.



—Photo by W. Henry Boller

"Sandy," the meal caller.

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AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY

180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass.

PHOTO CONTEST

In a search for "story-telling pictures," we are announcing our annual photographic contest to end June 15, 1951.

Cash prizes amounting to \$95 and ten additional prizes of subscriptions to **OUR DUMB ANIMALS** are offered for clear, outstanding photographs of wild or domestic animals and birds.

The contest is open to all, either professional or amateur, but entries will be accepted only from those who have taken the photographs.

PRIZES

First Prize	\$25.00
Second Prize	15.00
Third Prize	5.00
Ten \$3.00 prizes	
Ten \$2.00 prizes	

Write to Contest Editor, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass., for further details.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital," as the Hospitals are not incorporated but are the property of that Society and are conducted by it. **FORM OF BEQUEST** follows:

I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property.)

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.

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